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JUNE 1915

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THE WAMPUM

Founded in 1910.

15 cents a copy

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Editorials

Behold! A new *Wampum* has arisen. After being discontinued for three years a high school paper has been printed, and though slightly smaller than the old, we hope the readers will find as much of interest in the new as in the old. We realize that times are hard and business dull at this time, and we feel that we owe the greatest thanks to the business men of this town and of other towns, who have financially lent their aid to the paper. The scholars have spent much time in preparing themes, essays, grinds, and so forth. The editors and teachers have worked together and produced a paper of which the readers are the best judges as to whether it is a success or not.

Owing to the illness of the Athletic Editor, much of the work in that department has been done by Walter A. Crowell.

We are glad to see so many in the Freshman Class. It is the largest that the school has had for over five years, and we hope they will continue their studies and graduate in full force.

Not long ago a certain college eleven was defeated by a team it should have outplayed. The students were somewhat disappointed with the result, but at the same time they realized that then was the time to cheer, a time when the team needed all possible encouragement. Accordingly, nearly the whole school turned out at midnight and marched half a mile through the rain to welcome home their defeated team. That was school spirit. School spirit depends on each one doing his best for

the good of the school; it depends upon the loyalty and support of each scholar. At Pembroke it depends upon you. Stand by your school!

Since the *Wampum* was not printed last year, perhaps some of the townspeople have forgotten about it. If so, buy one this year, read it, get interested in the school and its work; then come and visit us more, and see for yourselves what we are doing. Pupils will do better, if they are encouraged by the people in the town. The school needs the people's support and good will, and it is your duty to become familiar with what the school is doing. If you are not interested now, the *Wampum* will help you get interested.

The Literary Society was doing good work at the first of the year, and the members enjoyed the programs consisting of debates, recitations, piano solos, and school songs. The Society has discontinued its meetings now, owing to the many duties of the spring term.

Pembroke High's most needed improvement is a basement. When the building was planned, it was thought that a basement was not necessary, but as each year passes, and the school grows larger, its lack becomes more and more apparent. The entry, in which the boys eat their lunches, is much too small, and insufficiently ventilated. If a basement were built, it would serve as a place to eat, and a part could be fitted up as a gymnasium. It is hoped that some time in the near future, the town or Alumni Association will appropriate a sum to meet this deficiency.

Literary

How They Won Their Motor.

Jerry and Jake lived in the town of Rockville. They were both in their seventeenth year, and very much interested in all the latest fads. They had both attended the airship meet held at a neighboring town the year before, and had returned full of plans for an airship. They procured all the reading matter obtainable at the village library on the subject, and set to work.

Their principal drawback was a work-shop—they both had small shops that would do for an average piece of work, but neither was large enough for their new undertaking. Jerry suggested that the barn loft would be a good place, but as his father had already ordered his winter supply of hay, that was out of the question. Jake had an uncle living on the next street who he knew had just the place in his attic that he needed, but the boys hardly dared to ask him for it. He was getting along in years, and did not like to be disturbed by boys meddling with such freaky things as airships; but nevertheless they asked him and were much pleased and more surprised when he gave them permission, provided they would only use the rear stairs, and make no more noise than necessary. It was a large roomy attic, extending the length of the whole house, and just the place they wanted. After they had built their airship, they could not get it out, of course, but there was a large flat balcony surrounding the skylight, and they planned to launch it from this. School had closed for the summer, so all their spare time was spent in the attic, and the ship rapidly took shape. It was by no means a full sized ship, scarcely ten feet from tip to tip, but they had great hopes of its ability to fly. The only thing that disturbed them was the motor. The other materials for the ship were not very expensive, but they could not secure a motor without considerable expense, but still they worked faithfully on and trusted to chance to supply a motor.

At last, late in August the airship was completed. They still had no motor, but everything else had been completed. That afternoon they had taken it apart, and raising the pieces through the skylight, had set it up again upon the roof. That evening when the uncle returned, he seemed to be worried about something. After thinking awhile, he said, "I have got to be out until late to-night, and I wish you boys would stay and kind of look out for things. You know Nellie has gone away for a few days, and I do not like to leave things alone. I have some very important papers in my desk, that I should not like to lose."

Accordingly, the boys stayed over night in their uncle's house. The evening passed slowly, and they "turned in" about ten o'clock. They did not sleep in any of the chambers, but went up to the work-shop—perhaps they wanted to be nearer their ship which they were going to try out in the morning.

The boys were both tired, but the responsibility they felt regarding the valuable property below kept them from sleeping very soundly, and they both awoke with a start when they heard a sound of breaking glass downstairs.

"Somebody's after the papers," cried Jake in a hoarse whisper. "Go telephone for the police."

But as the telephone was in the same room as the papers, this seemed rather inconvenient just at that time. They listened intently, and heard indistinct footfalls below; no doubt whoever was in the house expected to find it entirely empty, for he did not hesitate about making noise.

"What shall we do?" cried Jerry. "We must hurry or he will get them and escape, and then won't Uncle Jake give it to us. You know he locked the library door before he left, so we can't get into the room, unless we go in the same way the thief did."

"I know; the glider. It will hold me

until I get to the ground, I know," cried Jake.

"Don't you do it—you will break your neck," warned Jerry.

It seemed different now when the time had come to actually test the airship, but his friend was already on the roof, so he followed quickly.

"Here!" cried Jake, "Help me lift this railing aside, then give me an easy push. Hurry!" He did as he was bidden, and Jake climbed into the car.

"Push when I say ready," he whispered.

No wonder his teeth chattered; it takes a good deal of confidence in one's machine to go off of a three-story roof in the daylight; but at night time it seemed four times as bad. But he thought of his uncle's faith in him, and gritting his teeth cried, "Ready!" At first the glider fell like a shaft, then as the outspread planes caught the breeze, she slowed up a trifle and rode steadily down. Jake did not try to steer; there was not time for that. He trusted to luck to land safely, and to tell the truth, that was about all he could do. But luck did land him right side up, and he jumped out long before the car had stopped flitting across the yard.

"Hurry, Mike, get up!" he cried softly at the hired man's window in the stable. "There is somebody in the house. Telephone for the police, quick!"

Mike, the man of all work about the place, responded quickly, and the police were notified in a very few seconds. Then the man and boy ran around to the library window. All seemed as usual. The panes were not broken in, and everything appeared to be quiet. Mike was inclined to be skeptical. "I don't see any thief," he said. "Where is he?"

But Jake was not convinced. "We'll go in and see," he said.

He went around to the rear door, the key to which Jake usually kept in his pocket, as it led directly to the attic, and entered quietly.

All seemed well in the kitchen, but as they turned on the lights in the

dining room, they saw their thief in the midst of his spoils. There, directly in front of the sideboard, lay the fragments of a huge punch bowl; several glasses also added to the litter, several quarts of punch were flowing about the wreckage, and in the midst of it all the family cat stood innocently blinking at the lights. The boys had forgotten to feed her, and I suppose she thought she would see what she could do for herself.

By this time the police had arrived, and were somewhat provoked when they learned it was only a fake alarm. The boys were still explaining to them how it happened when Uncle Jack rushed in; some one had told him his house was afire. He listened carefully to the whole story and grunted his approval of their conduct. He was a man of few words and seldom spoke unless absolutely necessary, but his gratitude was plainly felt when a few days later, Jake was notified that a six-cylinder engine had arrived, addressed to him, at the freight house. He guessed who had ordered it and hurried quickly to his uncle's house, but the good man would listen to no thanks, and concluded his outburst of gratitude by locking him out of the room. It is needless to say that the boys were much pleased with their motor and the flying ability of their airship.

E. J. '16.

The Latest Historian.

Wherever there is a big fire, a fight, a war, or anything of importance, the man with the moving picture camera is much in evidence. He is usually a young fellow and a gentleman until you step between his camera and picture, then his language is not all that could be desired. A future president of the United States, if he wishes to, can see the actual events which caused the holiday he is celebrating, for all important events are being taken on moving picture films and stored in moisture-proof, fire-proof, and dust-proof vaults. In the recent war with

Mexico, thousands of feet of film were taken of every part, from the loading of supplies to the disembarking of the marines and the occupation of Vera Cruz. If you are fortunate enough to obtain official permission, you can see all this at the Navy department, where the films are kept.

Of course the movie man is a dare-devil or he wouldn't face a rain of bullets with only a camera. Hardly one went to Vera Cruz who was not under fire, while those who were with Villa, Gonzales, Coy, and a dozen or so other Federal leaders, who tried to stop the advance of the Rebels, turned the crank for days at a time to the whine of bullets and the boom of bursting shells. They did it for the fun of getting the picture and fifty dollars a week or less. One man who was at Torreón was under fire for three days. He took pictures from a box car until a bullet broke the tripod of his camera, then he left that, fixed the tripod, and took some street fighting, being chased two blocks by the Rebels in his escape. He was without food for three days in his retreat to the capital and lost his camera, but he saved the film. Then he went to Vera Cruz and got another camera. When the Americans took the city, he fled with the Federals and so got both sides of the story.

So much for Mexico. In our own country there is scarcely an undertaking of even local interest, which has not been flashed on the screen. A big fire, a steamboat disaster, a railroad wreck, an automobile race, are magnets which draw the movie man for miles. When Salem, Massachusetts, burned, several camera men obtained excellent pictures. One, however, left his camera for a moment to help an aged man, and lost all his film except a few hundred feet.

Amateurs, of whom there are several thousand in the United States, flood the offices of the manufacturers with worthless pictures, just as amateur writers flood the editors of magazines with worthless stories. About ten per cent of the pictures are accepted. Most are either spoiled in the making or are

of too local a character. Occasionally a big thing happens and the amateur gets it. For instance, when the Empress of Ireland went down in the St. Lawrence river, an amateur happened to be on hand when the fog lifted and got the pictures of all there was left.

A few years ago, manufacturers used to pay large sums for the privilege of being the sole one to take pictures of some great event. In nineteen twelve a man paid four thousand dollars for the sole right to take pictures of the World Series baseball games. Another man rented the roof of a nearby building and with a long distance lens got better pictures of the games than the other. The man minus four thousand dollars promptly went to law, but the judge decided he had not only lost his four thousand but must pay the costs. This put an end to concessions.

The movie man has his limitations. When the aeroplane was first invented, it was thought that it would be an excellent opportunity for pictures, but it was found nearly impossible to secure good ones, because of the constant rocking of the planes, and the vibration of the engine. From a balloon they are better, but not an entire success and probably never will be.

W. E. C. '16.

Ye Pembroke High.

On the road as you come down
Through the center of the town,
You will find upon your right
A pretty and most pleasing sight.
For located here is Pembroke High
Looming and towering into the sky.
Behold! The stately grove of trees
One opposite the building sees,
The lawn, the hedge, and other things
Which give this school its beauty tinge,
And then, far off the wondrous view,
The hills and dales, the sky of blue.
And many towns are hid within
The acres of this leafy green;
Of course, their schools are all worth
while

But Pembroke's got them skun a mile.

W. F. S. '17.

Six Years Hence.

There is among the students of Pembroke High School a certain individual who, outclassed by none in his capacity, is making marked progress in the line of civil engineering. Already he has been engaged in small undertakings with promising results, and for odd jobs to take up his spare time he fills the place of surveyor. In six years he will have finished his high school and a four years' college course, immediately after which a successful business opening will be established in his home town, Bryantville. A little later, branch offices are put up in Plymouth, Hanover, and Rockland, and in the course of three years he will have more work than he can rightfully attend to, but he works incessantly until he receives a warning in the form of sickness. Regretfully he gives up his work for a while, but beginning again too soon, he quickly finds himself in the same position as before, only a great deal worse. Constantly under doctors' care, he gradually becomes better, but they tell him not to work for a year or more. Completely discouraged by this great setback, he falls into the clutches of nervous prostration, which immediately leads to his being sent to Europe with doctors and nurses. Here he seems to remain in a normal condition, but does not regain his health as he did before, and he is constantly longing for this country and its beloved charms. The doctors, after several consultations, decide to bring him home where he seems to get better by jumps and leaps. At the end of six weeks he is working and accomplishing as much as before. The doctors say nothing, though greatly mystified concerning his recovery, and suppose that it is due to their devoted care.

He is visited a little later, and is requested to take the position of chief government surveyor and territorial draftsman. Overjoyed at the prospects, he accepts and works in Washington for five years filled with happiness, returning occasionally to visit his family and friends in Bryantville. At the end of

his stay at the capital, he is sent to hold the same position out West, but with doubled salary. His headquarters are located at a place named Caseville, a town which springs up under his supervision and influence.

One day, while reading the paper, the man who is the chief doctor of the recovered patient notices this testimonial in an advertisement:—

*Dear Mr. Case:—*After six weeks' treatment I realize of what value your medicine might be to the public if they knew of it, so I write these few words for their benefit as well as yours. I was wholly cured of a sickness, based on nervousness, which the doctors could not cure. I took eighteen months' treatment with them which availed nothing, while, as I have said, six weeks' treatment of "Case's Regal Rheumatic Pills," brought immediate relief and a lasting recovery.

W. F. S. '17.

The Mill.

As I approach the mill, the first picturesque object seen is the mill pond. When standing on the opposite side from the mill, I have a fine view. The edge fringed with alders, and all kinds of other bushes can be seen, which turn into the most beautiful colors in autumn time, and also here and there a majestic maple lifts up its head to view, rivaling its beauty with the dark color of its pine tree background. As I walk nearer to the mill, the roar of the water rushing through the waste-gate can be heard. The mill itself is a large cumbrous affair, almost falling to pieces, with trees and vines growing all about it. Most of the shingles have fallen off of the roof, making the mill have a very antique appearance. Every once in a while a swallow, whose nest is in on the rafters, flits through the paneless window near the roof, then comes out again to join its companions, who are flitting and circling around, sometimes within an inch of the water.

A. C. S. '17.

Character of Ben Hur.

Ben Hur was a young man, quite tall and very dark. He had a lithe and athletic figure, and his muscles were very strong. His features were rather sharp and dusky, showing that he was a Jew by birth. His hair was black and straight, and it was always combed in a becoming style. He was careful of his dress, because he belonged to a wealthy family in Palestine.

Ben Hur had a playmate, whom he loved dearly, and that love had been returned. Messala had been to Rome, studying to be a soldier, and he had come back again very different from what he was when he went away. Now he scorned the Jewish nation, and ridiculed Ben Hur. This was a sad blow to Ben Hur, because he expected him to be the same as when he went away. Ben Hur's love was very sorrowfully blighted, and he was crushed under his disappointment. He was a young and innocent youth, trusting completely in Messala, and for the first time his faith was shaken, and he did not know how to grapple with his sorrow. From now on, Messala and Ben Hur must be as strangers to each other, and Ben Hur was deeply wounded. After the sad interview with Messala, Ben Hur went home and poured the whole tale out to his mother. He was like a little child seeking comfort from its mother, and he found it. After a long talk with her he told her of a long cherished desire. He was very ambitious and wanted to go to Rome to study to be a soldier. This was his main aim in life, and he could hardly wait until he was old enough to go.

About the time of this talk with his mother, the Roman Governor passed the streets of Palestine in front of Ben Hur's home, and he went to the edge of the roof to see him. As he leaned over the railing, a tile fell and stunned the Governor. Quickly, officers came and took his mother and sister away to prison, and him to the life of a galley slave. He tried in every way to shield them from the officers, but they would not listen. He loved his mother and

sister, and he was very sorrowful because he could not help them. No thought for himself entered his mind, only for the other two. The hope to be a soldier was crushed for the time, because those who are galley slaves are considered the same as dead. They are chained to the ships and made to row the boats in time, until they are dulled to every other sense, but the ceaseless motion of the oars. But Ben Hur had a strong will-power, and he determined to keep his mind from that condition. He had hopes of being free some day, and he was more fortunate than the other slaves. He was not chained, because the owner of the boat liked him.

Through his mind ran a desire for revenge upon Rome. He was more anxious than ever to be a soldier. He made up his mind that he would make Rome teach him how to seek vengeance upon her. The opportunity was nearer than he thought. In a battle on sea he and the master escaped, and the owner made Ben Hur his son. He went to Rome and very zealously he studied, and progressed rapidly. No part of the art was left unstudied by him, and he became an excellent soldier.

When his studies were completed, he went back to Palestine. In his heart still ran the desire for revenge. He met an Egyptian girl and a Jewish girl. At first he thought he was in love with the fair Egyptian, and he was very ardent, and devoted to her. He was happy, but running through his happiness was a sadness and longing for his own people. The Egyptian scoffed at this devotion, and Ben Hur discovered that he did not love her, but the Jewish maiden. Day by day his new love grew, and absorbed his whole being.

About the time of his return from Rome there was going to be a chariot race, and Messala was a contestant. Ben Hur saw at once that here was a grand opportunity to humiliate Rome and ruin Messala. He trained his horses until they were in excellent condition. He had a knack of making

anything bend to his will, not through fright, but through love for him. Patience was his motto, and he followed it very closely. Finally the day of the race dawned clear and bright, and the contestants looked very beautiful in the sun light. At the last round Ben Hur ran into Messala's chariot and broke it, thus winning the race. This was not consistent with his character. It was below Ben Hur generally but he was so anxious to win the race that he let his desire overrule his judgment. There had been many bets on the race, and Messala's followers were heavily in debt; but Ben Hur was relentless and exacted the last cent from them. He might have been more merciful, but no, he was firm.

One redeeming virtue was his zealousness in following Christ. Many times he was disappointed, but he did not falter. His faith was strong and he believed. All this time he kept up the search for his people, and when he found them, he did not forget to thank his Master for his joy. Through all his troubles and misfortunes, through all his baser and more degrading actions, there ran a faithfulness to all his people and a loyalty to his God.

H. C. '15.

Almost Caught.

Horace Taylor was noted as the meanest man in town. When anyone had business dealings with him, he always felt as though he was being cheated. He lived in an old, ramshackle house which rumor said had been inhabited by his ancestors since they first came to America. He kept two lean cows, an old horse, and a small flock of hens regularly, but in the course of trading, sometimes obtained a large amount of stock. At the time at which I write, his family consisted of his wife and a boy of about fourteen summers. One evening upon going to the hen roost, he discovered that three White Rock hens were missing. This worried him very much, but instead of trying to find the missing

hens, he concluded at once that some of the neighbors had stolen them. He went into the house for a coat, and while in there his boy asked for a half dollar to buy a new hat. After growling a while, the father finally handed over a quarter, and shoved his pocket-book back into his pocket. As he had nothing better to do at the time, he concluded to go over to neighbor Smith's henyard. He knew there was no fear of detection, as he had seen Mr. Smith drive by with his dog about thirty minutes before.

When he reached neighbor Smith's, he did not hesitate to enter another man's hen house, but slammed open the door and marched in. Once in there, the thought of the consequences if he were caught struck him, and he started to the roosts in a hurry to find out whether he was right or not. Since it was nearly dark, he could not see very well, and he hit his foot against an iron feed dish. He landed at full length, knocking over a pail of muddy water as he struck. The water, as it ran out of the pail, formed a large pool, in the middle of which was poor Mr. Taylor. Naturally such a commotion awoke the hens that before had been sleeping peacefully, and such a disturbance was never before known in the hen house. Mr. Taylor began to use language not fit for publication, but stopped suddenly, choked by the thick dust which filled the hen house. Finally the tumult partly subsided, and Mr. Taylor rose to a sitting position. Just then the rooster—perhaps mistaking Taylor's head for the roost—landed on the very top of his head, spurs first, and emitted an exceedingly loud crow. This was too much for poor Mr. Taylor; picking up his hat which was half full of water and clapping it on his head, with muddy water running down all over him, he started on the run for home.

Upon entering the house, other difficulties presented themselves. His wife asked where he had been, and not wanting to tell the truth, he said that he had just fallen into the brook. He

then went to change his clothes, but more troubles were in store for him. He discovered that he had lost his pocket-book, and what was worse, the ten dollars and sixty-two cents which were in it! This he decided must have been lost when he fell down, and he made up his mind to go over and try to find it. This time he took the lantern, so that he would have no more difficulties. It was now about ten o'clock so the neighbor and dog were home and in bed. Taylor reached the hen house door in safety, but since the hinges were rusty, it squeaked quite loudly when he opened it. Naturally this awoke the dog, and he began to bark. Neighbor Smith poked his head out of the window, and in a loud voice demanded who was there. Receiving no answer and seeing the light at the hen house door, he picked up the shotgun which always stood in the corner of his room, and delivered a charge of rock salt. Taylor was just entering the hen house when Smith shouted, so he stepped back from the door. But not daring to make himself known and not wanting to lose the money, he was just stepping in when the rock salt struck the door. It struck with a rattle and crash, and swung the door against him, blowing out the lantern. As he did not want to risk another shot, Taylor picked up the blown out lantern, and ran home for the second time that evening.

After going home, he sat for about two hours, trying to think of some way of getting the money back. He could think of nothing better than to go over to Smith's the next morning. Upon this decision he went to bed. He lay awake for some time, worrying about the money and wishing that he could get it back, but finally he went to sleep.

The next morning he went out and did the chores as usual, and when he arrived at the hen house, he found the three lost White Rock hens trying to get in. Somehow he did not seem pleased to find that his neighbor did not steal them; and the realization of what a fool he had been came to him suddenly. After finishing the chores and eating breakfast, he started for neigh-

bor Smith's. He found Smith with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work at the wood pile. After talking about the weather and various other things, Taylor asked him if he had found anything around there lately. Smith replied that he had found a pocket-book with some money in it, belonging to a dirty hen thief. He went on to say that he had shot at the thief once and missed him, but that if he caught him around there again, he would push him to the full extent of the law. Mr. Taylor had nothing more to say, and a few minutes later started home, a sadder but wiser man. He never told anyone about it, not even his wife, but after that, he never looked at a neighbor's for anything until he had first looked at home.

H. B. J. '16.

Stung.

Imagine a swamp of large pines, large for these days, when the lumberman's axe has made many a broad woodland a waste of brush, stumps, and scrub oaks, standing tall and straight in the cold winter sunlight, the snow of a recent storm lying white and smooth between the trunks and making a broad, white lane of an old wood road which ran through them. The silence, which is particularly noticeable in the winter wood was unbroken until a bluejay screamed as if in warning. Then slipping silently through the pines from the direction of the bird's call came a fox. He trotted along with his head held low and his tail almost brushing the snow until he reached the road, where he stopped for a minute, testing the light breeze, which had sprung up, for suspicious odors. After that he got leisurely onto his feet, stretched, and trotted off in the woods on the other side of the road, as silently as he came.

A half hour later the silence was broken by the creak of heavy footsteps on the snow, and a tall man appeared, walking down the road with a quick, swinging stride. He was rather rough-

ly dressed and wore a heavy canvas coat and leggins. On his head was a woolen cap of the style worn by northern trappers. Under one arm he carried a double-barreled shotgun. This he leaned against a tree, and proceeded to thrash his arms, for the morning was cold. As he stood there, he looked about and saw the fox track just in front of him, and picking up his gun, he stepped to the track and examined it carefully; then raising his head, he noted the direction of the wind, and, changing the shells in his gun, he started off at a swift walk up the old road. For a long time he swung along through a maze of paths, choosing first one and then another without hesitation until he reached a ridge with a faint path running along the top of it. He gave a quick glance at the path to see if the fox had passed, and gave a sigh of relief as he saw the path was free from tracks. Then walking to a thick clump of bushes, he went behind them, brushed the snow from an old stump, and seated himself with his gun across his knees, loaded and ready.

After the fox crossed the road, he kept trotting slowly along through the woods, now and then stopping to sniff the track of a rabbit or partridge, but he had had his breakfast, and beyond satisfying an idle curiosity, he wanted nothing to do with any of these animals. Finally he left the swamp and came to a ridge, the same one in fact, where the man was watching for him. When he reached the top, he turned and went slowly on in the direction of the hunter, without a suspicion of danger.

The hunter, in the meantime, had been sitting patiently on his stump, watching the trail. Once a bluejay lit on a branch a few feet above his head and watched him carefully, but as he sat perfectly quiet, the jay flew away with a derisive scream. At last something, reddish brown in color, flashed in the trees along the path. The man's eyes narrowed a little as he raised his gun and waited for an open view of the game. The fox appeared, still traveling slowly, and thirty or forty

yards from the gunner, he stopped as if his suspicions were aroused. He stood for a second with his head thrown back listening, and then the roar of a gun broke the silence, closely followed by another as the man fired the other barrel. The fox whirled, ran from the ridge in long leaps, and vanished among the pines. The man stood for an instant, then went and examined the tracks. No telltale drop of blood met his gaze, and he muttered a curse as he drew the empty shells from his gun and started for home.

That evening the man stepped to the door of his house. The moon was shining brightly, and the snow-covered fields were light as day, while the shadows of the woods and buildings were black as ink. The woods where the hunt had taken place were dark and still. Suddenly from the woods came the sharp bark of a fox. The man shook his fist at the sound, turned and entered his house, slamming the door behind him, and again silence reigned over the dark, cold woods.

W. E. C. '16.

Son Amie.

Il n'y a pas long temps qu'une petite fille voyageait un jour à la Boston sur le train. Elle n'avait que six ans, et était absolument seule. Une dame dans le banc derrière elle, ayant peur qu'elle s'effraye, pensa qu'elle lui parlerait.

"Ma petite enfant, n'avez-vous pas peur de voyager seule?" elle demanda.

"Non," repondit la petite fille, "je n'ai pas peur. Mon père me recontra quand j'arriverai à Boston."

"Mais supposez que le train s'arrêterait, et que vous iriez, à pied, et iriez à pied, et ensuite vous ne trouveriez pas votre père; que feriez vous?" demanda la dame.

"Mon père me dit n'avoir pas peur, quelconque arriverait, parceque Dieu serait près de moi," repondit la jeune fille.

Rien ne se dit plus, mais la dame regarda avec un oeil la jeune fille pour

voir qu'elle trouva son père. Aussitôt que le train arriva à la gare, et s'arrêta, la dame vit un vieux homme chercher pour quelqu'un. Tout de suite il découvrit la jeune fille, il l'embrassa avec un petit cri de joie. Ensuite avec l'instinct d'un vrai père, il regarda la dame et dit à sa fille,

"Qui est votre amie, Bess?"

La jeune fille regarda son amie et ensuite dit, "Je ne sais pas, mais je pense qu'elle doit être Dieu."

H. C. '15.

The Persistency of Hannibal.

The name of Hannibal was a common one among the Carthaginians, a list of those famed include fourteen or fifteen. Greatest of all was Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar Barca, who was born in 247 B. C. When nine years of age, while with his father on the famous Spanish expedition, he was led to the altar and there swore an oath of eternal hatred against the Roman people and the Roman state as a whole, which he so faithfully kept throughout his life. He was held in high esteem by the soldiers, and an example of this is shown, when at the death of Hasdrubal the army with one voice elected him as their leader, an appointment which was met with immediate approval by the authorities at Carthage. He established among his soldiers a reputation of bravery and of strategic skill of handling his troops properly at close quarters. An example of this is shown when besieging the city of Sargentum, he for eight months kept up an incessant attack against the city, and at the end through his persistency won a complete victory.

Hannibal, having taken measures for the defense of Africa and Spain during his absence, mobilized an army consisting of 90,000 foot soldiers and 12,000 horsemen. With this army Hannibal proposed a most difficult feat, to undertake a perilous journey across the Alps, then to descend into the valley of the Po and attack the Romans from the north. Hitherto such a thing as crossing the Alps with an army was deemed

impossible. Up to this time no man had ever undertaken such a thing, but Hannibal's undaunted courage which had carried him through many a grim campaign was with him, and he succeeded in the passage of the Alps in fifteen days. During this march his men withstood terrible suffering and when Hannibal descended into the valley of the Po, he had but 26,000 men left, and with these he proposed to attack the Roman state, consisting of seven hundred thousand men.

After resting his men for a few days, he met the Roman army under Scipio on the banks of the river Ticinus, and there put to flight the entire Roman army which met with many losses.

The greatest battle of his career was at the battle of Cannæ. Here with his small army he completely annihilated the Roman army composed of 90,000 men. Forming a solid mass he charged against their columns and surrounding them slaughtered 50,000 men, including many men of note in Rome. His great military ingenuity, his ability to handle troops in a manner which made defeat almost impossible was never before shown to such an advantage. The Battle of Cannæ is called the turning point in the career of Hannibal.

At the battle of Metaurus, fought on the banks of the Metaurus River, Hasdrubal, while attempting to carry aid to his brother, suffered a defeat at the hands of the Romans and his head was cut off and brought to Hannibal upon a tray. Hannibal, gazing on the features of his lifeless brother slowly shook his head as he said, "Carthage, I read thy fate."

At Zama, Hannibal suffered his first and last defeat. Here his army of 20,000 men were unmercifully slaughtered by the army of Scipio. This battle practically ended the Second Punic War, and peace was declared between the two warring nations. Seeing that he was to be a victim of the war, Hannibal fled to Prusias, King of Bithynia, and while there gained a naval victory over the King of Pergamos.

He at length was demanded to be surrendered to the Romans, and rather than to be killed by the race which he had hated since his boyhood, he took poison which he always carried with him for such an emergency.

Hannibal was a man whom all his countrymen loved and respected, who, while laboring under many difficulties, unceasingly fought for what he deemed the right—a man of rare military in-

genuity, capable of manoeuvring strategic moves at the proper time. His ability to grasp the situation and carry through perfectly, plans which other leaders would claim impossible, was remarkable. To Hannibal "impossible," was an impossible word. His great ability, already shown, made Hannibal a great general, and places him in the list of the greatest leaders.

A. H. D. '18.

Social Events

On the night of November 12th the Athletic Association of the High School held a supper in the Methodist Vestry, Bryantville. The supper was well attended by parents, friends, and the scholars, and was a great success, both socially and financially. After the supper games were played which were enjoyed by all. Much credit is due to the able way in which the food and coffee were handled by Mrs. F. W. Snow, Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Mrs. A. Graham, and Mrs. C. E. Crowell. Thanks are especially due Mr. Walter Kilbrith, who gave the coffee and also to his wife, who prepared it most excellently. The waiters were members of the Association.

The pupils of the P. H. S. held a private social, January 22, 1915, under the supervision of the three teachers, in Assembly Hall, Pembroke, Mass. Nearly all of the pupils were present, and every one enjoyed himself. There were games of every kind, which were played by the pupils with much enthusiasm, and many popular songs were sung, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mildred Dunn. There was an intermission, during which ice cream and cake were served by the boys of the school. More games were played after the intermission and dancing was enjoyed. The social broke up at ten o'clock.

With the exception of five persons the whole school turned out in a body for the pung ride on the evening of February 5. The route from Bryant-

ville led through the Indian Fields Road to Pembroke, thence to Hanover and Rockland by way of North Pembroke, where another two-horse load joined us. The crowd was well supplied with bells and horns, and it is needless to say there was no difficulty in keeping the road ahead clear. At Rockland the crowd dispersed for half an hour and made a raid on all the drug stores and confectionery stands in sight. Several times we had to turn up our coat collars and meekly endure a gauntlet fire of snowballs from the youths of Rockland, who regard all sleighing parties as easy marks; but we all survived without serious injury.

On April 23th the senior class held an entertainment at which the following program was given:—

Song, "Lullaby,"	High School Chorus
Song, "Spring Song,"	Girls' Chorus
Solo, "Gypsy Song,"	Alice Gerow
Song, "Questions,"	Girls' Chorus

Farce—"Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," with the following cast of characters:—

John Downley, Bachelor,	Arthur Donnell
John Foxton, Young Groom,	Arthur Graham
Major Pepper, Major in the Army,	Walter Crowell
Clarence Fitts, Colored Porter,	Willard Snow
Mrs. Foxton, Foxton's Wife,	Ruth Spofford
Arabella Pepper, Major Pepper's Sister,	Lucia Whitman

Polly Patton, Waitress at Highland Station, Hazel Chapman

After the entertainment dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock.

On the evening of May 20th, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" was repeated, with the same cast of characters as before, in the Bryantville Fire Station for the benefit of the senior class. Before the play a reading by Miss Ethel Graham and solos by Mr. Henry Woods were given. Dancing took place from nine until twelve.

The Pembroke High School Alumni Association held its thirteenth annual reunion and business meeting at Assembly Hall, Pembroke. The reunion

was well attended by the graduates and their friends. The program, which consisted of selections by Clarke's orchestra of Kingston, singing by the Flavell twins of Hanover, and readings by Mr. Arthur Winslow of West Duxbury, was excellent and enjoyed by all. Dancing followed the concert. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, Miss Florina M. Collamore; vice president, Chester A. Douglas; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Florence Bowers; executive committee, Mrs. Nellie Chandler, John C. LeFurgey, Guy Baker, Mrs. Granville Thayer, Herbert L. Shepherd.

Alumni Notes

1896.

Ernest Hapgood, graduated from Brown University; head master of Girls' Latin School, Boston.

Mrs. Wendell O. Hawes (nee Lucy M. Grant), graduated from State Normal School Bridgewater, also from State Normal School, Los Angeles, California. Resides in Los Angeles.

Mrs. R. W. Lincoln, (nee Ellen L. Crafts), graduated from State Normal School, Bridgewater, 1898. Lives in Mattapan.

Willard Clifton Estes, Pembroke.

William Irwin Thompson, B. A., graduated from Harvard University, 1903. Employed by the U. S. Forestry Department. Lives in Ogden, Utah.

1897.

Mrs. Richard Meady (nee Addie Damon) South Hanover.

Clyfton Douville Dunham, responsible position in bank, Framingham.

1899.

Mrs. Chris Olson, (nee Ethel E. Howland), Tulare, California.

Mrs. Watson Phillips, (nee Rowena Chandler), Dorchester.

Mrs. Charles Holmes, (nee Daisy Klingman), Brockton.

Webster Blakeman, Whitman.

James Appleford, Norwell.

Leroy Jones, Rockland.

1900.

Blanche P. Delano, Otter River.

Mrs. Herman Beal, (nee Cora M. Estes), South Hanson.

Mrs. Donahue, (nee Edith Appleford), Whitman.

1901.

Mrs. Aden DeMary, (nee May E. Forsythe), Quincy.

Mrs. Louis A. Sherman, (nee Bertha Shepherd), Pembroke.

Mrs. Ira Slatcher, (nee Ida B. Howe), South Hanover.

Mrs. Nightingale, (nee Ina E. Ramsdell), Plymouth.

Rose E. Josselyn, Pembroke.

George B. Bates, works for Adams Express Co., Brockton.

Foster P. Hatch, works for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Joseph W. Church, insurance solicitor for Old Colony Trust Co., Pembroke.

Arthur B. Church, B. A., graduated from Harvard University, 1906; Harvard Law School, 1908; practises law in New York City, New York.

1902.

Mrs. Joseph Gilbert, (nee Josephine Ashe), Boston.

Mrs. Paul Harris Drake, (nee Pearl Pulsifer), Mattapan.

Harry W. Litchfield, B. A., Ph. D., class of 1902, graduated from Harvard University 1907; is now instructor of Greek and Latin in Harvard University and Radcliffe College.

1903.

Mrs. Elmer Haskell, (nee Frances Torrey), Pembroke.

Ida Bickford, Somerville.

Glorianna Adams, and her sister, Georgianna, are training as Red Cross nurses in a Hospital at Scarborough, England.

Harry C. Rideout, Dorchester.

Burton C. Rand, chauffeur, Dorchester.

1904.

Leona M. Foster, graduated from State Normal School, Bridgewater, 1908. Teacher in Northborough.

Mrs. Frank Thayer, (nee Gertrude Ashe), Brockton.

Grace M. Church, B. A., graduated from Simmons College, 1910, holds important position in Winsor School for Girls, Fenway, Boston.

Mrs. Carlton Cushing, (nee Linna Damon), North Abington.

Mrs. Harold Simmons, (nee Edith Hobell), North Pembroke.

Mrs. Roland Clemens, (nee Lydia Foster), Pembroke.

Mrs. Leroy Merritt, (nee Alice F. Cole), Campello.

Leroy F. Merritt, graduated from Brockton Business College; bookkeeper Geo. E. Keith Co., Campello.

1905.

Hilga S. Nelson, graduated from the Training School of the Providence Hospital, Providence, R. I.

Blanche A. Stetson, Roxbury.

Otis Crossley, Hanover.

Harry Josselyn, North Pembroke.

Mrs. Harry Mosher, (nee Marion Crossley), Roslindale.

Mrs. Arthur Smiley, (nee Mary Turner), South Braintree.

1906.

Mrs. Austin Harlow, (nee Josephine Johnson), Whitman, Mass.

Edwin L. Roberts is in the ice business at East Pembroke.

Mrs. W. Wyatt, (nee Ina Roberts), Campello.

Newland Holmes, traveling salesman, Weymouth Landing, Mass.

Burton Shepherd has undertaking rooms at Kingston, Mass.

Gertrude Turner, North Pembroke.

Frederick Harry Cole is working for the Studebaker Automobile Company, Detroit, Michigan.

1909.

Elsie D. Burgess and Melvin B. Shepherd were married August 30, 1914. They are now living at Melrose Highlands, Mass.

1910.

Miss Emma Foster is living at home, Pembroke, Mass.

Granville Thayer is employed at West's Mill, North Pembroke.

Herbert E. Young has a position in the Shawmut National Bank, Boston, Mass.

1911.

Miss Christine E. Burkett graduated from Bridgewater Normal School last June and is teaching this year at Montague, Mass.

William E. Christie is employed as Freight Clerk at North Abington, Mass.

1912.

Francis Arnold has recently purchased a share in a farm at New Durham, N. H., where he will make a practical application of the subjects he has been studying at the New Hampshire State Agricultural College.

Alberta Chamberlain is employed in the office of West's Mill at North Pembroke.

Ethel Graham has recently accepted a position in the Post Office at Bryantville.

Stella Howard will graduate this year from the Bridgewater Normal School.

William F. Hopkins is a traveling

salesman for Seyms and Company wholesale grocers, Hartford, Conn.

Dellena MacKenzie is training as a nurse at Charlesgate Hospital, Cambridge.

On November 8, 1914, Miss Dorothy Le Furgey was married to Granville Thayer. They are now living in North Pembroke.

1913.

Morton E. Arnold, who has been attending the Bryant and Stratton Business College, is to spend the summer with his brother on the farm in New Hampshire.

Lillian G. Bates is at her home in Pembroke.

May V. Bisbee has a position at the Bryantville News Office.

Hiram L. Bunce has moved to Brockton where he is employed as a clerk by the Gulf Refining Company.

James H. Johnson has a position as

shipper with the Hurley Shoe Company, Rockland, Mass.

Corinne S. Macy is employed by the Rose Book Bindery, Boston, Mass.

On June 27, 1914, occurred the wedding of Ester Linwood Lyon and Earl Alliston Simmons. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons are living at North Pembroke.

N. Leslie Roberts is attending the Bryant and Stratton Business School of Boston.

George F. Simpson has taken up electrical wiring and has already wired many buildings, in this vicinity, for electric lights. He lives in Hanson.

1914.

Frank L. Christie is employed in a general merchandise store at Hanover.

Ralph H. MacKenzie has a position with the wholesale and retail company of J. F. Kimball & Co., 30-31 North Market street, Boston.

Miss Ellen Olson is at home with her parents at West Duxbury.

Athletics

The members of the base ball team met at the end of the last season, 1914, and unanimously re-elected Elwood Johnson to lead the team for 1915. Johnson came into prominence in 1913, and played a good game at center field. Last year he played a great game at first base, as well as doing good work at the bat. Ben Donnell was re-elected manager for 1915. For the last two seasons he has caught for the team. At graduation we lost Ralph MacKenzie, a former captain, and second baseman, and a splendid all around player. Of the freshman class, Clyde Young and Arthur Donnell are playing on the regular team.

Pembroke H. S. 7, Bryantville, 2.

April 17th the High School team played a picked-up team from Bryantville, the score being 7-2 in favor of the P. H. S. This was the first game in the season of 1915, but considering the fact that the day was windy and cold, and the fellows had not had much

practice, they played a good game and made things very interesting during all nine innings. Snow and Burkett were right there in the infield to stop things, and Crowell, with a loyal support in the outfield, held the visiting team down to two runs.

Batteries: Pembroke; Crowell and B. Donnell. Bryantville; Russo, Bulange and Hill.

Pembroke H. S. 9, Partridge Academy, 7.

100 or more loyal fans turned out to see Pembroke play its first regular game of the season with Partridge at Duxbury, defeating them 9 to 7. Partridge put in their second string pitcher who was knocked out of the box in the first inning by a series of hits, and was quickly replaced by Briggs. Crowell was given great support and easily held the Partridge sluggers to five hits and seven runs with a total of nine bases. The Pembroke boys were very happy when, in the ninth inning with two outs and two men on bases

and "Tommy," the live coach, at bat, he hit a speedy grounder to Burkett, who disposed of the runner at first. The great pitching of Crowell was the feature of the game, giving one base on balls and four scratch hits with a total of seven bases.

Batteries: Pembroke; Crowell and B. Donnell. Partridge; Briggs, Carey and Prince. Strikeouts: Crowell 11, Briggs 6. Bases on Balls, Crowell 1, Briggs 2. Umpire, Hartford.

Hanover H. S. 14, Pembroke H. S. 4.

In a loosely played game in which the errors of Pembroke were the feature, Hanover High beat Pembroke High, 14 to 4. The members of the home team were more or less tired and unable to do their best work. For the winners Flavell pitched good ball, which coupled with A1 support, was able to hold Pembroke to four runs. Crowell had an off day, allowing ten bases on balls. The hitting of E. Johnson and Snow, and a spectacular catch by C. Johnson were the only bright features of the Pembroke boys' playing.

Batteries: Hanover; Flavell and I. Hunt. Pembroke; Crowell, Snow and B. Donnell. Strikeouts, Flavell 8, Crowell 13. Bases on Balls, Flavell 3. Crowell 10. Umpire, Downes.

Pembroke H. S. 11, Marshfield H. S. 7.

Pembroke High beat Marshfield High 11 to 7 at Pembroke. Marshfield came up amid much din and racket, only to go home a glum and dejected bunch. Crowell pitched a star game, striking out fifteen and giving but four walking tickets. In this game the hitting of B. Donnell and Snow was noticeable. Pembroke knocked the first Marshfield pitcher out of the box with a series of hits.

Batteries: Pembroke; Crowell, B. Donnell. Marshfield; Sinnot, Simmonds, Taggot. Strikeouts: Crowell 15, Simmonds 3. Bases on Balls, Crowell 4, Simmonds 5. Umpires, Pulsifer and Flavell.

Pembroke H. S. 13, Hanover H. S. 11.

In a game that was veritably a slug-ging match, Pembroke High defeated

Hanover High, 13 to 11. Hanover, expecting a "walk-over," started with their third-string pitcher who met his Nemesis in the first inning, after six runs had been scored. He was supplanted by another, who soon got his passport. Henderson then went in, and managed to hold Pembroke to six runs. Charles Johnson of Pembroke, after a high fly, ran into a fence and had to stay out of the rest of the game. Young was tried second and played a clean, steady game, catching a difficult fly. In the ninth inning the score was a tie, until a single by Crossley and a three-bagger by E. Johnson brought things to a crisis. Crossley in stealing home drew a throw that was wild, and on this Johnson scored. Hanover retired in the ninth easily. The first man struck out, the second hit a pop fly to Young, and the third "whiffed the breezes."

Batteries: Pembroke; Crowell and Donnell. Hanover; Hunt, Henderson, Howes, Thompson. Bases on Balls, Crowell 4, Henderson 2, Thompson 2. Strikeouts; Crowell 9, Henderson 5, Thompson 4. Umpire, Pulsifer. Attendance 100. Time, 1 hour, 40 minutes.

With four games won, and only one lost, the prospect certainly looks bright. We intend to beat Marshfield easily, Partridge not so easily, but win from them nevertheless. We hope that a "rubber" may be played with Hanover.

LINEUP.

Burkett, 3b.
Young, 2b.
Snow, s.s.
Crossley, c.f.
E. Johnson, 1b.
Graham, A. Donnell, r.f.
B. Donnell, c.
C. Johnson, l.f.
Crowell, p.

Young has been transferred to second, and at Hanover played a good game. Charles Johnson is getting everything, as is Crossley. Snow and Burkett are both playing a good game

at short and third respectively. E. Johnson and Snow, as of last year, are leading with the bat. This year we will lose by graduation B. Donnell, whose steady catching and hitting have

been such a valuable asset to the team. But there is much material to be developed for catcher, so we hope to make the team of 1916 an improvement even on the one of 1915.

Grinds

In your weirdest reveries can you imagine:

Snow not drawing pictures.

Graham not lettering.

Crossley not getting A+ in geometry.

Burkett and Straight not fooling.

Lucia Whitman getting to school on time.

Spofford talking to a girl.

Mix not sent out of class daily.

The eighth grade not asking questions.

Jones dancing.

Wanted:

No exams.

A blizzard and no school.

A jitney bus for those who have to stay after school.

A first class carpenter to enlarge the front door for Frank's convenience.

Money for graduation.

A first class rat catcher.

A safe to keep the Literary Society dues in.

A day off to catch herring.

Another sleigh-ride.

A few more men to be as benevolent as Mr. Shepherd to the B. B. A.

A school telephone.

Fewer ten cent rings flashing around the school building.

Visitors and more visitors.

Less Latin Prose Lessons.

A cantata for graduation.

In singing—second sopranos.

Minister—"Dost thou love thy neighbor as thyself?"

Mr. D.—"I try to, but she won't let me."

—*Ex.*

Mr. Mac (after a collision with a

stranger)—"Why don't you look where you are going?"

Stranger—"Why don't you go where you are looking?"

Overheard in Junior English.

Mr. D.—"Mr. Crossley, what is a theme?"

Mr. Crossley—"Something we have to pass in every month."

John (at supper)—"Mary, did you make this pudding out of the cookbook?"

Mary—"Yes, dear."

John—"I thought so; here's a piece of one of the covers."

—*Ex.*

Mutt—"I never knew before what they hired the girls to do at the Waltham Watch Factory."

Jeff—"What is it?"

Mutt—"To make faces."

—*Ex.*

E. S. J. (going into a barber shop)—"How long before you can shave me, Pete?"

Pete (after looking him over)—"About two years."

Miss Clark (speaking on Current Topic Day)—"They serve five meals a day on the transatlantic steamships."

Drake (in undertone)—"I am going to Europe right away."

—*Ex.*

Johnnie—"Ma, how old is that lamp?"

Ma—"About three years."

Johnnie—"Turn it out; it is too young to smoke."

—*Ex.*

P.—"Do you not find it a great thing to have a telephone in your house?"

L.—"Yes, sir, my neighbors tell me they could not get along without it."

—*Ex.*

"And this is the pillar of Hercules!" she said, removing her spectacles. "Gracious, what is the rest of his bed clothes like, I wonder?"

—*Ex.*

Who's Who at P. H. S.

Smartest,	Hazel Chapman
Most Popular,	Willard Snow
Best Athlete,	Elwood Johnson
Biggest Bluffer,	Frank Richmond
Wittiest,	Willard Snow
Biggest Feet,	Walter Crowell
Most Deliberate,	Herbert Jones
Biggest Grind,	Elwood Johnson
Biggest Eater,	
Willard Snow.	Second out of sight.

Quietest,	Lawrence Spofford
Biggest Talker,	Walter Crowell
Jolliest,	Agnes Christie
Biggest Waist Measure,	Herbert Jones
Best Artist,	Alvin Straight
Best Pianist,	Irene Carter
Best Singers,	
	Alice Gerow and Willard Snow
Best Actor,	Arthur Donnell
Best Dancers,	
	Amelia Torres and Benjamin Donnell
Shortest,	Kenneth Burket
Tallest,	Walter Crossley
Heaviest,	Herbert Jones
Best Letterer,	Arthur Graham
School Optimist,	Kenneth Burkett
School Pessimist,	Walter Crowell
Most Dignified,	Louise Bates
Most Gullible,	Charles Johnson
Dreamiest,	Alvin Straight
Most Easily Disturbed,	Arthur Graham
Most Practical,	Walter Crossley
Most Irresponsible,	Kenneth Burkett
Most Reliable,	Walter Crossley

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General Mason

CENTER PEMBROKE

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who have advertised in the Wampum.
Pembroke, Mass., May 22, 1915.

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FINE DRESS GOODS, Silks and Velvets, Ladies' and Children's Outside Garments and Suits. Millinery. Lace Curtains and Draperies. Large assortment of Ribbons, Laces, Dress Trimmings and Art Goods. Stamped Linen, Table Damask, Napkins and Towels, Notions and Jewelry. MEN'S FURNISHINGS. Muslin Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets.

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comes out laughing

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